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## FATE OF DEPOSED REMAINS MYSTERY

WHEREABOUTS OF ABDUL HAM-  
ID PUZZLE TO ALL EURO-  
PEAN NATIONS.

### MAY HAVE ESCAPED

Abdul Hamid, Who Bathed Empire in  
Blood, Drops Completely  
From Sight.

London, Eng. — What has be-  
come of the deposed Sultan Abdul  
Hamid, who for 30 years deluged his  
empire with blood, kept 200,000 spies  
to betray their fellow citizens, tricked  
the diplomats of Europe and  
shocked the world by his sensuality  
and his crimes? is the question posed  
by a Turkish correspondent of the  
Westminster Gazette. He continues  
to interrogate as follows:

Has he been quietly put out of  
existence?

Has he escaped from his prison?

Is he secretly directing the gov-  
ernment from Constantinople, or is  
he in hiding in some other part of  
world—in America, for instance?

Certainly the ex-sultan is no longer  
living at the Villa Allatini, Saloni-  
ka, which was set apart for him as  
a residence prison, writes Gaston  
Tallifer, in an American paper.

He was sent there on April 27,  
1909, when the revolution, brought  
about by the Young Turk party, was  
finally completed, and the Sultan  
Rashad ascended the throne.

Abdul's suite, allowed him in his  
prison, was composed as follows:  
Three sultanas, or full wives; five  
halfas, or lady housekeepers, privi-  
leged to go out of the harem; two  
princes, his daughter and nine serv-  
ants. This really gave him the mod-  
est allowance of 12 wives.

Determined to ascertain the truth,  
if possible, I made a journey to Sa-  
lonika, where I have long had  
friends. One of these occupies, for-  
tunately, a house on the road to  
Villa Allatini, and I was immediately  
invited to stay there. I told my host  
I wished to see the ex-sultan.

"But you can not see him," said  
my friend, "because he is not there."  
"Not there!" I exclaimed. "But  
where is he?"

"I do not know where he is. All I  
know is that he is not in Salonika."

Pursuing the mystery further I  
found at last a Macedonian politi-  
cian of great popularity who was  
more communicative with me.

"Do you not remember how the la-  
dies of the harem went away some  
months ago on the pretext that a  
daughter of the sultan was to be  
married?" he said. "Well, there was  
no wedding. They went away by  
night. We saw 13 of these women go  
out of the villa, although we knew  
that only 12 women came in origi-  
nally. One of the 13 stooped very  
much, had a long, hooked nose, and  
walked with a tottering step. We  
believe that was the sultan."

"I have close relations here with the  
shopkeepers and others able to learn  
the facts. I know no provisions are  
delivered at the Villa Allatini since  
that night departure. I know that  
three days afterward the German Bank  
handed over the great sum of money  
belonging to the sultan he had on de-  
posit, and which they had always  
refused to hand over without the sul-  
tan's signature. He had said he would  
sooner die than give his signature. Yet  
he gave it. That sum of money was  
the price the sultan paid in order  
to be removed from Salonika to Con-  
stantinople, or wherever he wanted  
to go."

Here then at last was a plausible  
explanation of the mystery. The wick-  
ed old sultan sneaked away in the  
clothes of a poor woman who had  
been his wife and slave for years. He  
paid the government for the privilege.

Just where Abdul Hamid is and what  
he is doing is, therefore, a mystery,  
and is likely to remain one until he  
is exhibited to the public again, dead  
or alive.

Meanwhile many incidents occur to  
remind the newly organized Turkish  
people of the peculiarities of their late  
ruler. A girl named Josefa Schneider  
has brought suit against the doctors  
of the Italian hospital for ill treating  
her during the reign of Abdul Hamid.

From this case it appears that the  
sultan's favorite daughter was suffer-  
ing from a dangerous attack of appen-  
dicitis, and the European doctors ad-  
vised him that an operation was nec-  
essary to save her life. The sultan in-  
quired about the nature of the opera-  
tion and was shocked at the idea of  
having his daughter cut open.

"Show me first," he said, "that you  
can do this without killing a person  
and I may let you operate on my  
daughter. If you cure her I will pay  
you any price you ask."

The doctors immediately seized the  
first helpless person they met. It hap-  
pened to be the girl Schneider, who  
was leaving the hospital after recover-  
ing from a minor ailment. In spite of  
her outcries they shoved her in a car-  
riage and carried her off to the im-  
perial palace. An operation room was  
prepared there, and they removed the  
girl's appendix under the eyes of the  
sultan, who watched the process with  
close attention. She recovered quick-  
ly, and then the sultan allowed the  
operation to be performed on his  
daughter.

The Turkish parliament discussed  
the disposition of the five hundred  
wives Abdul Hamid left behind him

in Constantinople. Some deputies said  
the government should take care of  
them. The representatives of the gov-  
ernment said they should go back to  
their native districts or find husbands.  
It was pointed out that no Mohammed-  
dan would marry them because they  
are widows and besides that many of  
them are old. Meanwhile they are  
beggars or dependent on charity, and  
their fate likely to be a miserable one.

The searching and cleansing of the  
Sultan Abdul Hamid's palace, the  
Yildiz kiosk, have not yet been com-  
pleted. Nothing like this stronghold  
of crime and conspiracy has ever  
been seen in modern trapdoors and  
labyrinths, scenes of a Liberal states-  
man, Midhat Pasha, was found care-  
fully polished and mounted. Four  
million dollars in gold and \$15,000-  
000 worth of jewelry were discov-  
ered in secret receptacles.

It is suspected that a large deposit  
of money still lies concealed beneath  
the lake in the grounds.

Abdul Hamid lived in an atmos-  
phere of blood, intrigue and corrup-  
tion that must be incomprehensible  
to anybody outside of Turkey. For  
years he had occupied the center of  
a vast palace that was like an enor-  
mous spider's web, of which he only  
knew the snares and traps and path-  
ways. He directed the actions of  
100,000 spies. He kept 1,000 books,  
in which the doings of his spies and  
the actions of those he was watching  
were recorded.

There were 1,000 secret rooms  
in this palace, rooms filled with treas-  
ure, rooms for torture, rooms for  
curious recreation.

Twenty miles of underground pas-  
sages led in various directions, enab-  
ling the sultan to go where he pleas-  
ed in secret. Some of these passages  
led to the harbor, so that he could  
slip away to a foreign country.

The Yildiz kiosk was indeed like  
an evil palace of the "Arabian  
Nights."

He was so timorous that he almost  
fainted when he showed himself in  
public, yet he directed the actions of  
thousands of fearless desperadoes.

He was an amazingly good revolver  
shot, although he could not aim with-  
out resting his elbow on a support  
or clutching his right arm with his  
left.

At the least suspicious movement  
of a servant in the palace, Abdul  
Hamid shot him dead for security and  
practice. That was his sport.

One day a beautiful young Circas-  
sian girl, recently added to the har-  
em, was in his presence. Her eye  
rested on the pistol by accident. The  
sultan thought the action suspicious.

"What is that thing for?" he  
asked.

"To shoot with," she answered, in-  
nocently.

"Let us see," said the sultan. He  
picked up the pistol and immediately  
shot her dead.

Although Abdul Hamid made use  
of the most fanatical of his Moslem  
subjects it is doubtful if he had a  
vestige of belief in their religion. He  
had a profound appreciation of all  
that was worst in European civiliza-  
tion. He indulged in every form of  
sensuality that his physical feeble-  
ness permitted. His private collec-  
tion of French literature and art  
amazed the beholders.

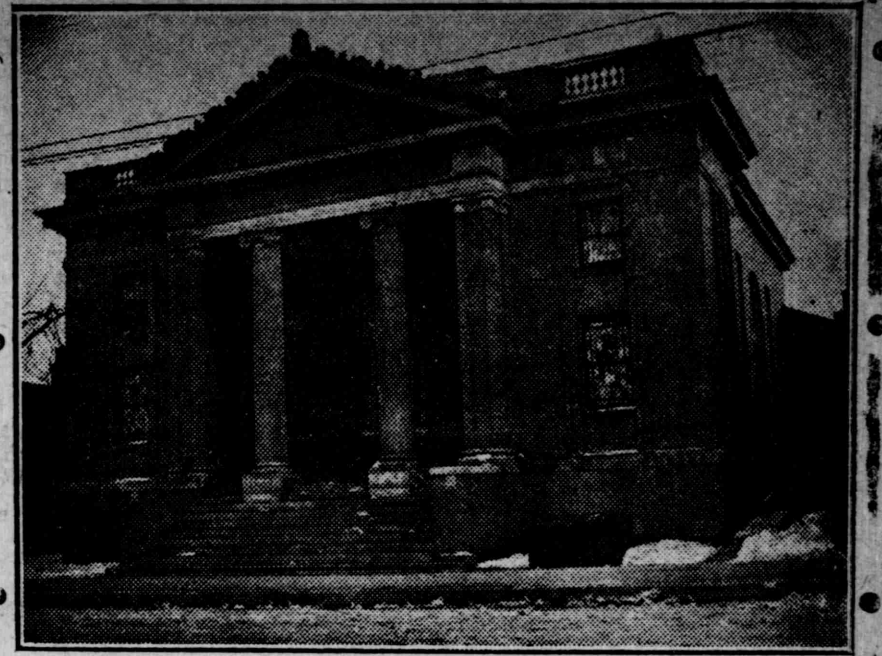
### TO SELL MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY

In a few weeks the library of the  
late Samuel L. Clemens will be sold  
at auction. This, like other instances  
of its kind, seems a great pity. There  
is a personality or at least an indi-  
viduality, about a carefully selected  
library which deserves a longer lease  
of life than usually comes to it. To  
men of culture and refinement who  
have the means there is no occupa-  
tion in life of more enjoyment or profit  
than collecting a library—not a col-  
lection of books for show, but one for  
personal reading. The man who loves  
books loves nothing of a material sort  
so well. Yet practically all such col-  
lections are dissipated under the auc-  
tioneer's hammer.

We have so many books these days,  
so many free libraries that a private  
library seems to have lost the com-  
manding importance it once possess-  
ed. Down at the Ridgway branch of  
the Philadelphia library may be seen  
in a room the Loganian library, the  
collection which belonged to the  
friend and deputy of William Penn.  
Even in the new world the young Log-  
an found time to enjoy literature,  
and his collection of books was the  
finest in this hemisphere. It is a pleas-  
ure to have it unimpaired to this day.  
One feels he knows the man better  
after spending some hours in that  
room, even if he is not so familiar  
with Greek and Latin as the original  
owner.

Aside from those volumes which are  
highly prized by "collectors," and are  
valued for other than mere literary  
worth, almost every private library  
sold at auction goes for a fraction of  
its original cost—twenty-five per cent  
being a liberal estimate. Yet the books  
are more valuable than when new  
because they have intimate associa-  
tions with a scholarly man, not to  
mention autographs or notes fre-  
quently found. We put too large a  
premium upon mere newness. Second-  
hand bookstores contain many rich  
treasures, which can be bought for  
very little.

It seems a pity that a carefully se-  
lected library cannot maintain its ex-  
istence and be appreciated as in the  
owner's time. But such is not the  
spirit of the age. It is a pity, for as  
Bacon remarked, "Reading maketh the  
full man," and almost every one  
wastes precious hours which might be  
devoted to informing and entertaining  
books.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, PARIS, KY.

### DEDICATION

**Of New Baptist Church to Take  
Place Sunday, December 18—  
New Temple a Thing of Beauty  
—Condensed History of Paris  
Baptist Church.**

At a cost of thirty thousand dollars  
the congregation of the Paris Baptist  
Church has finished the erection of a  
handsome new house of worship, on the  
lot purchased by them, situated on  
Main street, between Ninth and Tenth  
streets.

The program for the dedication of  
the church, to take place on Sunday  
morning, Dec. 18, is being arranged.

The dedicatory sermon will be preach-  
ed by Rev. Dr. E. Y. Mullins, of Louisville,  
President of the Baptist Seminary, of  
that city, who has a nation wide rep-  
utation for eloquence, and is a powerful  
pulpit orator, who has added many  
souls to the church by his splendid pre-  
sentation of the gospel invitation.

The former pastor of the congrega-  
tion, Rev. George W. Clarke, of Hen-  
derson, and Rev. Dr. J. N. Prestridge,  
of Louisville, will assist in the services.

The new edifice is a most imposing  
one and pleasing in its exterior form, as  
will be seen by the accompanying illus-  
tration, which does not do full justice  
to the handsome structure.

A view of its interior arrangements is  
necessary to fully appreciate the  
thought and care that has been devoted  
to its building and it carefully arranged  
for the conduct of the regular church  
worship and the Sunday School depart-  
ment, pastor's study, baptistry, etc.,  
all connected under one roof for the  
greatest convenience of those who  
gather together for the study of the  
Word and for regular assemblies in the  
promotion of the Gospel.

Especially credit is due to the entire  
board of officers, a list of whom is ap-  
pended to this notice, and especially to  
Mr. Wm. M. Hinton, Mr. Charles  
Stephens, Mr. John LaRue, Mr. Walter  
Clark, Mr. J. T. Martin, Rev. George  
W. Clarke, W. H. Clark, J. B. Bur-  
nett, Dr. E. L. Stevens, (deceased),  
and others, who devoted much  
time, energy, thought, and love  
to the carrying forward of the good  
work. And to the ladies of the con-  
gregation is due a lion's share of credit  
for their extraordinary zeal in the aid  
in the good cause. A \$2,500 pipe-organ  
stands as one of the monuments to  
their untiring efforts, and their aid was  
in every avenue.

Two beautiful memorial windows  
adorn the new church. One erected to  
the memory of Mrs. Eva Hanson by  
her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Hanson  
Helm, of Lexington, and the other  
window erected to the memory of Mrs.  
Rebecca Hedges, by her daughters, Mrs.  
H. H. Ewalt and Miss Letitia Hedges.

### LIST OF OFFICERS 1910.

Deacons—Charles Stephens, John A.  
LaRue, E. P. Clarke, Walter Clark,  
Silas Bedford, W. H. Clark, J. T. Martin.  
Treasurer—W. H. Clark.  
Clerk—J. B. Burnett.  
Trustees—Wm. M. Hinton, Charles  
Stephens and John A. LaRue.  
Pipe Organist—Miss Giltner.  
Officers of Sunday School:  
Superintendent—Walter Clark.  
Treasurer and Secretary—Tilford  
Burnett.  
Organist—Miss Heller.

### HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

The Baptist Church of Christ in Paris,  
in union with the Baptist churches of  
the general union, was constituted in  
the old Court-house on the 18th of Feb-  
ruary, 1818, upon the following mem-  
bers: Joel Prewitt, Rachel Johnson,  
James Pritchett, Agnes Pullen, George  
Bryan, Hannah Gorman and Nicholas  
Talbot, by Elders Jeremiah Vardeman  
and Davis Biggs.

The first business meeting was held  
March 5, 1818: Elder Vardeman was  
Moderator, and Joel Prewitt, clerk.

### Seen and Heard on Long Island.

A teacher tells me that at a Brook-  
lyn school, not long since, the class in  
geography was asked: "What are  
some of the natural peculiarities of  
Long Island?" The pupils tried to  
think, and after a while a boy raised  
his hand. "I know," said he. "Well,  
what are they?" asked the teacher.  
"Why," said the boy, with a triumph-  
phant look, "on the south side you  
can see the sea, and on the north side  
you hear the sound."—Spare Moments

### Expense Note.

An exchange says that matches are  
cheaper than gas. This cannot mean  
the kind that are made under the par-  
lor gas.—Boston Herald.

### Wanted Information.

A couple of zealous anglers were  
fishing for the first time in a sheet  
of water rented for the purpose, when  
one of them, through carelessness, fell  
in. His friend, after great exertion,  
brought him to land, but it was a long  
time before he recovered conscious-  
ness. No sooner had he opened his  
eyes, however, than the other asked  
him: "Tell me, did you see a lot of  
fish?"

### Bonds.

A bond is a certificate of obligation  
to pay money secured by mortgage or  
otherwise. A bond issued by a cor-  
poration (or by a municipality or gov-  
ernment) is an interest-bearing debt  
certificate.